Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my sight.

Duke. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonoril.

Gon. Who struckе my seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didst not know ant.

Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you sweet sway alow
Obedience, if your selues are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand sir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage tearmes so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stockes?

Duke. I set him there, but his owne disorders
Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.

Lear. You; did you?

Reg. I pray you father being weake, seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and soiourne with my sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men dismist?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity of the ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her:
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life afoote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter

To this detested groome.

Gon. At your choise sir.

Lear. Now I prethee daught
I will not trouble thee my child
Wee'l no more meete, no more
But yet thou art my flesh, my bl
Or rather a disease that lies with
Which I must needs call mine,
A plague sore, an imbossed carb
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not c
Let shame come when it will, I
I do not bid the thunder-bearer
Nor tell tales of thee to high iu
Mend when thou canst, be bett
I can be patient, I can stay with
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so sir, I
Nor am prouided for your fit w
Giue eare to my sister, for tho
That mingle reason with your
Must be content to thinke you
But she knowes what she doe

Lear. Is this well spoken no

Reg. I dare auouch it sir, wh
Is it not well? what should y
Yea or so many, sith that both
Speakes gainst so great a num
Should many people vnder tw
Hold amity, tis hard, almost i

Gon. Why might not you
From those that she cals seru

Reg. Why not my Lord?
We could controle them; if y
(For now I spie a danger) I e
To bring but fiue and twenty
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34